

## NEWEST AND SMARTEST COLOR.

### The Modish Woman Is Gowned In Chinese Azure--Fashion's Frivolities.

New York, July 25.—A perfect gown, that is nobly planned, is still a vogue; a weave of all wool and silk woven with so open a mesh that the glory of your foundation skirt is by no means obscured or dimmed. As far as the discerning eye is able to see, this lovable goods is going to push right on into the autumn, and if you happen to have even two or three of these webby

sembles a muskmelon in shape, and, if the sleeve is cloth or silk, this puff is most likely made of gathered or pleated silk muslin. To complete the arm's decoration, a very modest flat epaulette extends from the shoulder upon the arm. A bit of braided cloth, two wedge-shaped pieces of goods, or scraps of rich embroidery form the epaulette that is invariably edged with a narrow quilting of material from which the puff is made. Through some flight of

such sweet frivolities are the picnic hats made all of silk muslin, either shirred into frames of wire and trimmed exclusively with bows, tufts and pompons of the same goods, or built like the parasols to represent a flower. The floral hats have wire frames, and to the net that covers the wire is made fast a clever design of petals. The petals are cut from liberty silk and tinted. They overhang and cover the brim, while a succession of green silk calyx leaves close round the crown and crinkled inner leaves that enclose the stem.

The "lower hats are copies of those worn this season at chateau parties in France, and from the same source comes the commendable fashion of trimming rough green, brown and yellow straw hats with foliage and fruit. For many a long day we have all worn cherries and occasionally grapes on our headgear, but it has remained for

heavily dotted, but only up to the level of the eyes, on a level with the range of the nose, and the manufacturer is wowed and commended. This new policy has been most conspicuously pursued with regard to the white veil dotted with black, called the most laudable mask a woman can wear. A thing even more evil than this is the dark blue veil with white dots that is being used in the theatrical hot cases.

All these temptations to bleared eyes and itchy headaches the very cut-of-doors woman scornfully rejects, for her chin delight is centered on the finely pleated and shirt waist and is a true translation of the English peasant's smocked frock. A light cashmere flannel is the material used for the shirt, that button up vest, and the severe, lacy, fixed in a patent leather case on a dial plate, that can be kept handy stuck in the crown band of one's slouch hat.

In the matter of shoes, the golfer is triumphant and progressive, for the makers of footgear have contrived for her to wear the prettiest and most useful little lace boots with vamps of animal skin, in patent leather. Warranted not to tarnish in the dew nor crack in the heat and built with black rubber soles, having square low heels, the golfer's distinction of foot is no more wasted on the black than in a ball room. In harmony with the patent leather shoes are the bags of green waterproof cloth, bound with patent leather, and the severe, lacy, fixed in a patent leather case on a dial plate, that can be kept handy stuck in the crown band of one's slouch hat.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF FASHION. Symphonies in skirts are not difficult of construction with such material as the summer brings to hand. Five expressions of dainty delight are shown hanging on the line. Their respective materials are Indian taffeta silk, satin, foulard, organdie, Irish silk, and French muslin. The Indian taffeta is cut in deep vandykes over a fan lifted flounce and offset with Honiton edging. A Louis XV panel draper distinguishes the French muslin, while the satin is draped in hollow drapes, de la design over an under decoration of lace and ribbon.

Each and every one of these flower-like skirts is designed for wear by a youngish woman. Their coquettishness of ornamentation is not suitable for a woman on the steady side of 25, and their waists are, though not shown, supposed to lean to the popular tide in favor of fichu drapery about the shoulders. That is, a simple round silk or muslin body is made, cut open round or pointed at the neck and a kerchief disposed as to obviate all necessity of any other trimming. Caught on the bust or shoulder, or down at the waist line, the kerchief is always knotted, fastened with a bright jewel pin and left all soft, lace-trimmed, such like ends.

A golfing smock is made clear this week in line but not in color. French or cashmere colored, in any one of the good shades of clear green, with the collar, cuffs and belt in golfers' red flannel, forms the make-up of this easy and picturesque little garment.

Salomon's glory or that of his wife would certainly have been greatly enhanced by the possession of any such raiment as the group of three bed room traps shown. The dressing jacket, here composed individually of broad green satin, made up with ivory white Venetian lace, and Persian silk worked in gold embroidery and a quince shade of turquoise blue. Liberty silk forms the front and sleeves of the latter, while in the third oval is displayed a Japanese wrap for throwing on at night. Pearl, blue and white Japanese crepe with coral red crepe facings is the appropriate combination



CHARMING NEGLIGES.

gowns in your summer wardrobe, lay to your heart the flattering notion that you very nicely provided with the beginnings of an autumn trousseau.

In case your equipment, however, does not include a veil and you set forth to buy one, be careful not to drop into error with regards to color of veil. There is nothing so offensive in these days of hard high tones in dress as a tint or shade that is demure or beyond the pale of fashion. A woman is more severely judged now by the color than by the cut of her pretty rig, and yet more by the combinations of colors her costumes display. Of all the blues that have in the past 12 months glowed on the dressmaker's horizon, Chinese azure is the one right and only variety to wear. By this is meant the deep, rich tone that glows on those jars and plates that are worth their weight in gold to the students of ceramics, not a high, startling, frivolous blue, but a perfect match with willow pattern cups when they are true to the oriental potter's mark. With such a blue, yellow is thrown in combination.

Next after Chinese azure, wattleau gray claims distinct preference, and to mention carbon brown is fairly telling tales out of school, for it is one of the surprises saved for next season. In the ateliers in Paris, where experts and artists forever study and invent combinations and schemes of color, it has been decided for the immediate future, or, to speak more emphatically, for the next six months, to keep all costumes so far as possible, in but two colors, admitting, of course, black and white.

To further explain, a Chinese azure voile may have belt, collar and lining of buttercup silk and yet be prettily touched up with the new white satin trim. A wattleau gray foulard can be figured in black and further adorned with discreet touches of sang-de-bœuf silk under black lace. Beside carbon brown, sage green and rose and black are laid, and in this wonderful hat color you will soon see, in the shops, rich Venetian and Vienna cloths, crepes and satin surfaced silks, for already dealers in fine raiment are clearing out the last of the spring stock to make ready for the rush of the season next to the year's programme. Within a few weeks all the buyers will be home from Paris, and even now some of the early birds have come back talking of the French substitution of clear copper color for burnt orange among the colors for trimming.

#### BLACK AND COPPER.

All the handsomest black costumes in cloth, drapery and velvet, in velours or silk, are, so they say, to show copper silk, satin and velvet under-lace veils and panels of very open worked black embroidery. Already some of these black and copper gowns are seen in Newport ball and drawing rooms, and every woman who lifts a black skirt shows either a copper colored silk petticoat or foundation girdle.

More splendid than any other fabric yet seen are some of the vests and panels and inserted vandykes on the very, very advanced black toilets. These costly scraps of material are copper hued velvet, with gold and silver threads shining out from the silk mesh. The letting in of vandykes and the insertion of a color under braiding, although now in its incipency, of becoming a decided and prevalent fashion likely to influence future dressmaking, and if our modes are to be taken from the new importations seen at the leading watering places, then we may make up our minds to hook and button all our winter frocks clear up to the arm. Only the commonplace bodice comes together in front for a free field, for decoration across the bust is demanded by the dressmaker who leads. Of course women may grumble against this last order, but nevertheless a more gracious and becoming waist is the result of the under-arm hooking.

#### PICTURESQUE SLEEVES.

Any woman with two intelligent eyes in her head and a reasoning brain back of her eyes needs only to watch a well costumed Casino group or take notes along the drives at Bar Harbor, Newport, etc., to receive two or three very positive and refreshing impressions. The first of these relates to the picturesque sleeve of the day. It is close, so close that when made by an artist it hugs the arm without a wrinkle and rolls up from the small cuff that overtops the knuckles clear up to the armpits. Here, like a smoothly drawn kid glove, the sleeve opens bell shape around a small puff, which rather re-

strong imagination this arm bag has been christened the Charles the Ninth sleeve.

#### BODICE DECORATIONS.

Bringing her inquisitive vision to bear on the body of the average good gown, the note-taking woman will observe, since all dress waists hook up to the left, they all show unique trimming and shaping tending that way. A large percentage have their fronts cut in an exact right angle triangle. The point of the angle hooks under the left arm, over a full under vest of soft yellow lace, or embroidered muslin, which shows this on the left shoulder and under the left breast.

Other fronts spread up to hook on the left shoulder, but catch only once under the arm, for the material is sloped away below this point to admit a gust of lace or an under vest of broadened satin to appear. To sum up, the whole impression is that of a series of very bizarre little boleros fronts that, adequately and charmingly fill the aching void left by the dear old padding bag or pouched front.

Late as it is in this season, the summer wrap has only just molded its forces and stepped out on anything like impressive and instructive dress parade. Women whose pockets are lined with either gold or whose names signify almost unlimited credit at the shops, wear exquisite confections when driving and calling that are a compromise between the almost obsolete boa and the equally degenerate small cape. That is to say, an enormous ruche of black silk velours, of roses, or heather blossoms, encircles the neck, and from this defied two pointed frills of rich white lace. The longest frill lets its point fall only a few inches below the wearer's waist, and in front clear to her feet extend two white lace scarfs that are supposed to serve as strings and strings and falls of ivory white silk point esprit, edged with white bebe ribbon.

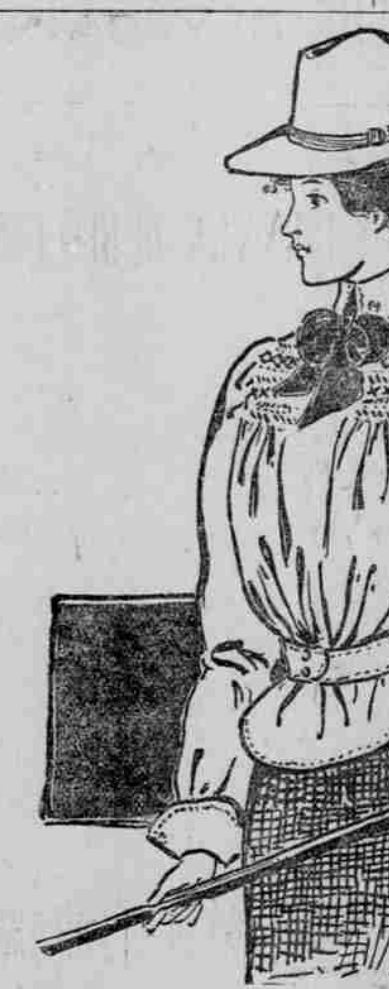
The enterprising, economical woman copies this bit of prettiness most reasonably with a collar of purple velvet and strings and falls of ivory white silk point esprit, edged with white bebe ribbon.

Another brand of summer wrap, which, in spite of the chill season, was tardy in arrival, is a collar high about the ears, and flaring on the shoulders, having for its foundation some sort of stiff lace. Inside, the collar is lined with black satin's down. Outside, it is completely covered with many overlapping small frills of chiffon, edged with ribbon. A jeweled tongue and buckle catch this under the chin. The popular, though not the official, name for this small garment is the Klondike comforter. A white Shetland shawl with gilt and silver threads run through it, is the very choicest evening wrap a woman can carry in this day, when luxury has reached a point where extreme simplicity is its highest expression.

#### FLORAL HATS AND PARASOLS.

Among the prettiest of the country toilet is the floral parasol that is as perishable and attractive as the flowers it represents. When opened, a dome sunshade illustrates either a huge peony, rose, poppy or sunflower. Large petals of liberty silk are cut out and artfully adjusted to a foundation of silk, and about the ferule end puffed yellow chiffon represents the golden heart of the flower. Vivid scarlet poppy parasols are most popular, mounted on black staffs, tipped with gilt. Palpably for companionship with

this season to ripen our military peaches, plums, pears, apricots and currants and gooseberries, while already almost gone have given the strawberry, blackberry and raspberry hats. Usually round crown Lombardy straw shade hats are used for this purpose and the foliage is massed on the crown and brim with knots of fruit placed wherever a tasteful fancy dictates. No lace, ribbon, or flowers are permitted by an artistic trimmer, and as the plants are small and peaches are copied only in miniature, their effect in decoration is never heavy.



A SPORTING BLOUSE.

#### SPORTING HATS.

Last among the phases of the sailor hat is a crown of white or blue duck, or pique and a rough straw brim. It is said to be the coolest example of summer headgear going, but for golfing and wheeling the affections of the well dressed sporting soul are firmly fixed on the brown Rough Rider's hat. Its simplicity, its durability and the fact that it is a copy of the semi-slouch hat worn by those dashing soldiers in Cuba, has recommended it beyond all rivals to the timely woman.

Talk of hats brings up another vision of a new veil that women are experimenting with. It is a black net,

in such a convenient cape like garment, which in winter wear is made on exactly the same outlines, but of wadded Japanese silk.

MARY DEAN.

#### CAPS WITH "FLOATERS."

Insurrection Among Housemaids Over the Introduction of the English Head Covering.

The cap question is taking on serious phases in domestic circles, and in intelligent offices the ner cent of house and nurse maids who have broken from under the thralldom yoke of the de-

spised head ornament grows larger by the month. Just now relations between the mistress and maid are unusually strained on account of a new cut of cap with which the former insists on crowning the latter's obdurate head. This is the graceful, becoming and conspicuous English house maid's coronet, consisting of three tiers of crisp embroidered swiss frills, rising flara-like from the hair. To the rear, from the tapering ends of a lawn coronet, fall down, like the wings of a butterfly, a couple of white streamers, two and a half inches broad, and tipped with embroidery. The whole thing is really becoming, neatly and a coquettish dress for the head, that for various reasons any woman might be proud to wear, though in the eyes of the American housemaid it is a nuisance and an abomination.

These caps, by the way, are not purchasable at any and every shop. The housekeeper who aspires to introduce them to her servants usually borrows a pattern from a friend, who is the friend of a friend who brought over a few from the other side, for it is the individual woman, and not the manufacturer, who is shodding their beautiful and baleful influence on the American household.

Up at Newport and in the neighborhoods where rich people have their summer homes, the caps with "floaters," as the American housemaid contemptuously describes it, is becoming rather a familiar sight, but there were tragic scenes enacted at Lenox, Bar Harbor, Beverly Farms and elsewhere before a ukase enforcing the new cap could be enforced. There were tears and coaxing words, month's notice, few about like autumn leaves, and it is no secret that many housekeepers prevailed by clapping a couple of extra dollars on the wages of their servants who would not yield gracefully.

Many and many were they who refused to capitulate at any price, threw up their positions in the very border of the season and went back to the city. The cry now is in the intelligence offices, "Down with the English cap," and it looks as if the servants would get their own way. Here in the hot weather they are herded up in the waiting rooms of the intelligence offices, and the meek householder who comes, hot, but humbled, to the maid is assailed by a high-spirited and suspicious eye and the fierce inquiry: "Do you want a girl who is willing to wear them English caps?" In case of an affirmative answer, the daughter of a hundred Irish kings swings slowly about on her heel with the crushing retort that: "It ain't me ye are lookin' for, then."

Strangely enough, it is the women just over from the old country who are most aggressive in their attitude toward the caps. The proprietors of the intelligence offices do not hesitate to recommend as the most docile, reasonable, self-respecting and efficient women, those who have been born and raised in this country. "They object to caps, hard work and to the country far less than those who have known the pinch and grind and real servitude exacted on the other side," said one woman at the head of a popular office. "An American-born woman can be appealed to and persuaded, and on my books, where I have had to divide my women into those who will and who will not wear caps, the American women make up the largest majority of the former class. You would be amused, however, to hear some of the cap-wearing drawing up hard and fast rules about their headgear with ladies who come here looking for servants. The cap is the first article in the agreement to be settled. It is of even more importance to them than wages, or even wages. Some stipulate to wear caps of only such and such a size, shape and ornamentation. Others want an advance in wages for wearing caps at all, and there are those who nominate it in the bond that their caps shall be worn only between certain hours, and never in the street. I am sorry to say most mistresses yield to the demands of the maids, but the other day a handsome old lady walked in here and asked me to recommend a good girl. I did not term between them were nearly concluded, when Ellen dropped the remark that she didn't like to wear caps."

#### WIDOWS IN CONTRAST.

To don the cap of widowhood in America is also an assurance that the individual has taken on new fascinations. Perhaps not in any tangible form, but the very name of a widow will stir any number of people with a subtle sense of expectancy. It is also true that the fact of being a widow seems to surround the woman with innumerable admirers, and unless she is of a most stalwart disposition, she can not fail to again fall a victim to the snares of matrimony.

Some sage has said: "That this is because widows are so much more women, as love has passed over them." However this may be, they possess in America and the most civilized nations all the combined advantages of every other class of women and almost every age.

A married woman boasts the possession of her home, her dignity, and her pocketbook. A widow possesses them all. A single woman talks of her independence and her latch key. The widow has them also. A debutante's mind is full of the weighing of the qualities of her suitors. The widow's task is even more arduous. On all the sphere, surely no woman has more scope to be charming than the widow of a civilized nation.

But in uncivilized countries the widow's lot is quite different. The death of her husband not only strips her of every fascination and charm that she formerly possessed, but it isolates her with chains of servitude and curse from her relatives.

An observant American widow that has recently returned from India, was much impressed by the melancholy state in that country. There, as soon as a woman is married, she but lives through her husband's favor. God only hears her prayers when they are made for his benefit. The greatest misfor-

tune, however, that can happen to her is to have him die before she does. When this is the case, his relatives come at once to the house and take possession of everything. The poor little wife sits in a corner, stripped of her former clothes and jewels, and in ragged and low, moaning noise, while all abuse her. "She has killed him," "her prayers were not heard," "her thoughts have wandered," are the anathemas that are showered upon her. When the body of her husband is buried on the pile of burning faggots by the side of the Ganges, as is the custom, some one is always commissioned to hold back the wife from throwing her on the burning pile, and so perishing. She knowing well what her after life will be, usually endeavors to end it at this time. After the ceremony of burning, the little wife is clamorously driven up to her waist into the Ganges by the mourners. At-

terwards she walks home, the last one of the procession, which is on wheels, and throws herself down on the hard floor of the outhouse, where she is compelled to remain for three days, lamenting. Her clothes are dripping wet from having been in the Ganges, but she is not allowed to change them. And to this pool of water she has to add her tearful lament, the evening of the third day. The mortality of these little widows at this time is very large. To those that survive, the barber's wife, who is a most important personage in India, comes when the time is up, and dresses them in the garb of a waiting maid. Then they enter the home of another woman, usually some connection of their husband, and act as her servant for the rest of their lives.

No wonder the gay American was shocked at this pathetic contrast to the lives of the widows in her own country.

A. LOUNSBERRY.

### THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.



ONE OF THE GREATEST BEAUTIES IN LONDON SOCIETY TODAY.

#### GANG-PLANK PARADE.

Heroism Displayed By Arrivals Who Defruid the Customs.

Quite the most impressive sight, to feminine eyes, when a great Atlantic liner is warped into her slip at the New York docks, is the dress parade of home-coming women down the gang-plank leading from the first-class cabin. Humble-minded or scant of purse is that traveler who does not peacock down the narrow wooden lane leading to the dock in a gown of especial importance.

The coming-off costume of course includes a brand new hat, shoes, gloves, sunshade and often enough a scrap of jewelry. The high duty on personal baggage has brought about a curious result in this dress parade. Women who have dipped deeply into foreign shops put on, for the arrival function, not what will make the most symmetrical costume, but what they prize the most and wish to get through duty free.

The idea is to wear ashore the most precious things, and in consequence some amazing outfits trip on to the dock. When a ship came from England recently and the duty on the gangplank arrayed in a superb gray satin skirt cut with a long train, and heavily trimmed with splendid lace, it was evidently a gorgeous dinner dress, for the satin body, as richly ornamented as the skirt, had an inconspicuous white lawn gamp fitted into the decorative neck, and muslin sleeves scarcely broader than the body.

The lady wore a faultless box of sable tails; on her head was a hat all too palpably bought for her 16-year-old daughter, and all too distinctly a dainty touch of lace and satin sunshade. Heads of perspiration glistened on the flushed but gratified countenance of the good lady. All the devoted sons and daughters who were on hand to greet her were held at arm's length, for, arrayed as she was, no embraces were possible. Over one arm swung the tail of her frock, the family sword cane, and about her neck she wore a long chain of pearls. The dowager was not, however, alone in her eccentricity. Another woman came ashore in a palpably London made golf dress, a smartly cut shawl, and a delicate touch of tulle and plumes on her head. Under the influence of the heat and the ulster she grew white, and, fainting, she was caught by a strong arm. She wore the ponderous garment all the way up the bay, and as she fell into her husband's arms she was heard to murmur hysterically: "Save my hat!" But these are not the only tragedies of the coming ashore parade. It is when, having arrayed herself in her wonderful gown, and marching proudly down the gangway, that the bottomless peridy of the Paris and London modiste and milliner is discovered. Now, it is the desire of every American woman to heartily possess a gown that is quite unlike those of any other woman. It is customary for milliners and modistes to recommend toilets as perfectly novel of design, to ask double prices for such impressed work, and to insist that even to destroy the drawn design of a hat or gown before a customer's eyes, in order to insure her in the sole possession of the unique treat.

got back home lately with tales of deepest tales of woes to tell. One of them had fallen into the clutches of a Regent street tailor, and all the way she talked of a stunning gown she was going to wear ashore. The gown was of her own designing, and she was as tickled with it as a stamp collector who has got the only specimen of its kind. She made fast friends with a woman from Chicago, and they both sat on deck when the weather would allow and sharply criticised a couple of demure little yellow-headed actresses, who dressed very bowdly indeed, the day of the landing the New Yorker rose on deck, perfect to the last pin, a smile of deep content on her face and a fresh cambric handkerchief in her hand, ready to wave a greeting to the shore. Midway of the deck she met her Chicago chum. Both women stopped short, grew pale. The New Yorker's lip began to tremble and tears to gather in her eyes; the Chicagoan looked as if she had seen a snake or a mouse. Their gowns were seam for seam, stitch for stitch, exact duplicates. The women passed each other without even bowing, but the dress of their cap was not yet reached. It was when by chance they both started down the gangway, elbow to elbow, that they saw directly before them two little actresses, who were the sisters something or other, performers in variety shows, and always dressed exactly alike. The women stared at the faceless copies of the special and particular design of which the New Yorker woman was sure she owned the copyright.

FANNY ENDERS.

Profanity is forbidden by both the army and navy regulations of the United States.

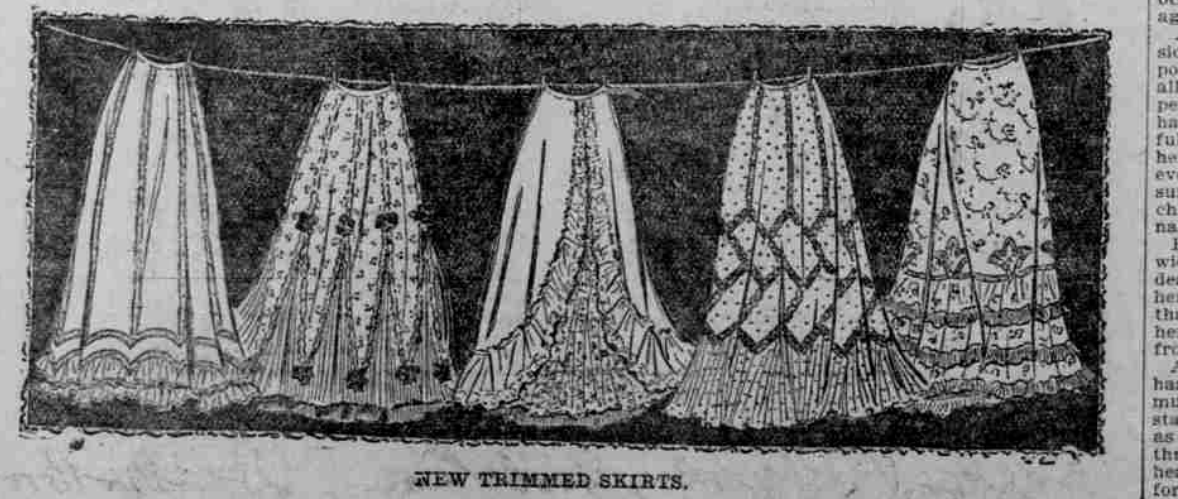
#### STRONG STATEMENTS.

Three Women Relieved of Female Troubles by Mrs. Pinkham.

From Mrs. A. W. SMITH, 59 Summer St., Biddeford, Me.: "For several years I suffered with various diseases peculiar to my sex. Was troubled with a burning sensation across the small of my back, that all-gone feeling, was despondent, fretful and discouraged; the least exertion tired me. I signed several doctors but received little benefit. At last I decided to give my Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. The effect of the first bottle was magical. These symptoms of weakness that I was afflicted with, vanished like vapor before the sun. I cannot speak too highly of your valuable remedy. It is truly a boon to women."

From Mrs. MELISSA PHILLIPS, Lexington, Ind., to Mrs. Pinkham: "Before I began taking your medicine I had suffered for two years with that tired feeling, headache, backache, no appetite, and a run-down condition of the system. I could not walk across the room. I have taken four bottles of the Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work."

From Mrs. MOLLIE E. HERREL, Powell Station, Tenn.: "Fort three years I suffered with such a weakness of the back, I could not perform my household duties. I also had falling of the womb, terrible bearing-down pains and headache. I have taken two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel like a new woman. I recommend your medicine to every woman I know."



NEW TRIMMED SKIRTS.